

# EDITORIALS

## Your Hometown Newspaper

This writer recently enjoyed the experience of attending the annual convention of the National Editorial Association held in Banff, Canada. The N.E.A. is the oldest association of its kind in America and has a large membership of the weekly, community, and small daily newspapers of the nation. There were many prominent and effective speakers on the program, but most of the benefit to those attending came from association with fellow publishers who have similar problems and experiences in trying to keep the local press effective and free.

Many of the most successful publishers attending this year's convention were concerned with the increased costs of producing good newspapers and the serious threat to loss of independence through the dominant role of the advertiser. This has led to the mushrooming of the shopper in newspaper format. Such shoppers attract the advertiser looking for circulation only, who isn't particularly concerned with quality of the news presented or the character of the organization entrusted with freedom of the press at the local level.

The vitality of the local newspaper can be sapped by such a trend, many publishers believe, and they are preparing to assume additional burdens of responsibility to preserve the traditional independence of the hometown paper. To do this, they agree, they must not only provide local news coverage, but they must make their newspapers more attractive to compete with other media and must have an opinion. One speaker even suggested that any newspaper unwilling or unable to devote at least one page for the expression of its own opinions and the opinions of others on local and national subjects, was a newspaper completely devoid of character.

Another speaker of note in the advertising agency field, asserted that national advertisers are giving more and more consideration to the value of the local newspaper in bringing their products directly into the home. He stated that many advertisers are beginning to realize the importance and the effectiveness of the good community newspaper and the economy of securing results in the local field through dealer tie-ins. He also reminded the small town publisher that he fails to keep his readers aware of the fact that his newspaper is often the only instrument in the world that records births, successes and their failures, and is considerate enough to print their obituary free when they pass on. His whole family looks to the local newspaper for news of themselves and their friends. Most people never rate so much as a mention in metropolitan papers whose space must necessarily be devoted to the activities of the great, the famous, and the infamous.

The HERALD is striving to meet the highest standards as a hometown newspaper. It is concerned with the lives and the welfare of the people of Torrance and will always speak out boldly in defense of their freedoms. We hope we will be able to earn the right to be known to the thousands of new residents of this fast developing community as their "Hometown Paper."

## Torrance Has a Lot

The proposed annexation of some 6700 acres of peninsula hills area to Torrance seems now to have petered out. Only a few short weeks ago this city had promises of doubling its physical area and looking forward to becoming a young metropolis. Now it is going to have to be content with making the best of what it has a lot of and forget about expansion.

Torrance still has lots of territory for future growth. Unfortunately, there is nothing now on the planning boards that gives promise of becoming the desirable residential sections which this city so seriously needs. Further, there seems to be no awakened conscience to the need of better, more restricted residential territory and there is no evidence that the proponents of the tract developments have any idea of easing up. In short, more and more bedrooms are in store for Torrance.

On the other side of the ledger, the natural advantages of Torrance to industry are so obvious that the city cannot help but attract more organizations that make for sound development. Several projects are presently underway and it is wholly probable more will be heard from in the months to come. More industrial development is needed to restore the city to anywhere near its once highly favorable tax base.

The immediate future of this community depends on commercial and industrial development. Anyone who thinks otherwise is doing the community a disservice.

## What Could Be Fairer?



## Glazed Glances

By BARNEY GLAZER

Funniest sight last week at the colorful and charming new Santa's Village, just past Lake Arrowhead, California, was this chronicler trying to shoot a movie cleopse of one of Santa's reindeer and he was either Vixen or Blitzen because he insisted on trying to nudge me with his antlers while I eluded the Alaskan import like a broken-field football player. The kids will love this delightful fantasy with hundreds of tame animals walking around casually. Santa Claus to hand the youngsters presents (and he is the most genuine Santa I've ever seen), a real crazy clock which tells Santa it's half-past May or quarter of November, a mechanical toy factory, a reindeer barn, the North Pole, reindeer sleigh ride, lollipop tree, and all in all a truly fabulous children's paradise of imagination.

Friend of ours used to grumble because he had to get up early in the morning until one day he talked to a man who couldn't get up... A local citizen paid his wife the most wonderful compliment on earth by inserting this newspaper advertisement under To Whom It May Concern... "I am proud and happy to be responsible for all debts and obligations of my wonderful wife and to be the provider for this heaven-sent woman who has filled our 30 years of married life with love and devotion"... If anyone asks me why the word "psychic" is spelled with a "p" I'd simply admit that I don't know because it certainly does seem psilly... Why is it that we moderns install a phone for our convenience and then we always have to answer it at the most inconvenient times?

Insurance statistics tell us that a large percentage of accidents occur in the kitchen. As if we men didn't know that. We've been eating them all along... A tactful husband is one who has a difference of opinion with his wife but doesn't tell her... Don't think that a man is successful just because he's very busy. Most busy men are merely picking up the beans they spilled... Let this girl tell her own story: "He took me to his home, opened a closet, and there were five gorgeous mink stoles. And he gave me one, all for my own!" Her girl friend asked: "What did you have to do?" "Just shorten the sleeves," she replied... Wilfrid Delquest, my Highland Park News-Herald fellow columnist, tells about Mrs. Newlywed protesting to her hubby: "I don't think you love me anymore!" with her husband roaring back: "How stupid can you get, you little fool? Of course, I love you. Now shut up and let me watch television!"... From Bill Ladd's Almanac in the Louisville, Kentucky, Courier-Journal, a reader suggests the installation of a dingus in all autos. When the car exceeds the set speed limit, a whistle blows. A wonderful idea, Bill, but out here in California the din would be deafening... Dad, here's a note of warning. The grapevine says that the more women have, the more they want. As a result, more and more families will own two cars and two television sets. One economic expert says this all starts when a woman switches from an icebox to a refrigerator. She realizes what she's been missing and then starts buying every modern convenience her credit can endure... Al Waxman stopped at a magazine stand and ordered: "One Nation" and the young lad in charge quickly added: "Indivisible"... Dad decided to surprise his wife so he came home one day all decked out in a new charcoal gray suit. But mom didn't say a word... she just stood there looking at him. Finally, she fled the room weeping bitterly. When dad followed her, mom slobbered: "You're mean and selfish. You didn't even notice I had my hair cut"... Joe Harrington tells it in his Boston Post "All Sorts" column, about the explosion of an H-bomb that destroyed all life and vegetation with the exception of one male and one female monkey. The two be-

came friendly but when the lady monkey offered the male monkey an apple, the male raised his arms in protest and said: "Oh, no! Let's not start that again!"

Bert Parks, the television celebrity, met the local press at luncheon last week to kick off his "Break the Bank" show on ABC-TV. Two unsuspecting newsmen, Mildred Ross and Sam Berns, were given the opportunity to break Mr. Parks' bank but they felt more like breaking his neck when he asked his first question: "When Fleck beat Hogan in the L.A. Open Golf Tournament, what was the name of Fleck's caddy?"... The Hollywood Palladium is playing it smart by dimming its lights and having Harry James play much soft and sweet music. That's the old romantic system employed by your mom to snare your dad. Works every time... Jack Kofoed, columnist for the Miami, Florida, Herald, felt the hot breath of fame breathing down his back when a restaurant owner painted Jack's name on one of the cafe's chairs. But Jack's pouting because his name was painted out and replaced with some feller called "Davey Crockett."

Someone once said that television brought the family together again. All I can say about that remark is this—it brought us together like gathering us in a family mausoleum. Where else can you hear less conversation?... I don't think our trouble today is really the high cost of living. I think it's the cost of people living too high.

The way taxes are today, you might as well marry for love.—Janis Paige.

"Brains will never handicap a girl as long as she conceals them behind a pretty face."—Franklin P. Jones.

"It's easy to eat your cake and have it too; that's why so many of us can't get into last year's clothes."—Alma Denny.

"If most drivers would give ground, there would be fewer of them in it."—Warren Taylor.

"The only sign of toll that shows on some girls' hands is an engagement ring."—Dan Bennett.

"Trouble is usually produced by those who don't produce anything else."—Ralph Paul.

## The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

Chief High Trader, known simply as Floyd Fox until a few weeks ago, is in his 12th day today atop a 65-foot pole where he has taken up residence in an effort to break all flag-pole sitting records.

We got curious about the life of a flag-pole sitter yesterday, so we gave the Chief a buzz on his telephone, which occupies some of the precious space in his cramped quarters. "I'm going to stay here until the middle of January at least," the Chief said. "But somebody is going to have to tell me about it," he said. He has no clock, watch, or calendar up there with him.

Chief High Trader, a pseudonym cooked up for him by his sponsors in the project, Richard and Robert Greenwood of Twin Pontiac in Hermosa, climbed the pole Sunday afternoon, June 26.

After the first few days, he quit trying to keep track of the phone calls he got—they run into the thousands. "Mostly silly kids with a bunch of silly questions," he says. He admits, however, that he has received a lot of interesting calls.

How does the guy sleep? Well, he hasn't had much of a chance yet, but "I reckon I just curl up and doze," he said. His meals are being sent up to him each day by the staff at Red's Cafe, near his headquarters. He keeps up with current events with his radio.

Television? Sure, he's got a set there, but hasn't had too much time to look at it yet. Does get in a little time on the fights and wrestling in the evenings, he says.

At other times, he reads western novels and does a little drawing.

Chief is going to have a bigger family when he gets down in January, he told us. Mrs. Fox is expecting a child in September. "She's behind me 100 per cent," he claimed.

"That guy, Happy Howard the Camp Cook who now holds the record at 191 days had better look to his laurels," the Chief says, "because when I come down he's not going to be the champion any more."

That may be so, the Chief has only 180 more days to go.

... and I Quote

"The way taxes are today, you might as well marry for love."—Janis Paige.

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"The only sign of toll that shows on some girls' hands is an engagement ring."—Dan Bennett.

"Trouble is usually produced by those who don't produce anything else."—Ralph Paul.

## IT'S A FACT by JERRY CAHILL



FOR THE LOSS OF AN EYE—WILEY POST—oil worker RECEIVED \$1000 COMPENSATION, BOUGHT AND REBUILT A SECOND HAND AIRPLANE, BECAME THE FIRST MAN TO FLY AROUND THE WORLD ALONE— THEN MET DEATH WITH WILL ROGERS IN A PLANE CRASH!



## The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHKE, Herald Staff Writer

The transition from service life to normal civilian life is the return from a shuffle to a gallop.

In the service, the shuffle is the usual speed of locomotion by foot, while the usual gait of uniformless (unless you are a bus driver or driver-car hop) civilian life is no gallop. One of the most noticeable things in a return from military service is the pace. In the service, why hurry if you got to do something you didn't want to do anyway?

Another conspicuous change is in the conversations. Servicemen seem uniformly obsessed by women and much of the trend of the talk follows the female lines (or curves). While civilian life isn't entirely free of such talk, it takes on a somewhat subdued tone.

Plenty of military talk centers about what an operator with the opposite sex some of the GI are. The young kids just entering are duly impressed with all of this, but the oldtimers are inclined to take such stories with several grains of salt.

Also taken with a whole shaker full of salt are the guys who tell you about the good jobs they left to come into the service life. Some do, some don't. One of the mouthiest lieutenants is a soda jerk in civilian life.

In civilian life, you've got to get used to being asked politely, "My good man, would you hand me the butter?" Instead of "Where in the &#!% is the &#!% grease?" You're lucky, too, if you can keep your cold food under the salt till you can eat it.

A line SOP (standard operating procedure) in the service, and everybody figures that anything that doesn't have a line must not be worth having. Chow (food), being

the most wanted thing in the military naturally has the longest line. Whoever named the ranks in the military really pulled a boner, because there is nothing less private than the guy who is called a Private and nothing less general and more private than a General.

Judging by the music played on the juke boxes, the majority of the men in the service are hillbillies. Everybody complains about the cowboy music that's played, but somebody plays the stuff. Added to my hate parade this year was a new ditty entitled "I'm in the Jailhouse Now," as rendered by one nasal-voiced cowboy. I wish he was.

At any rate, the military is now and probably ever will be pretty much the same.

It's like the veteran master sergeant told the new recruit, "You've buttered your bread. Now lie in it."

ESTABLISHED JAN. 1, 1914 Torrance Herald Published Semi-Weekly at Torrance, California, Thursday and Monday. Entered as second class matter Jan. 20, 1914, at Post Office, Torrance, California, under act of March 3, 1879.

1619 Gracery Ave. FA 8-4000 KING WILLIAMS, Publisher GLENN W. FFEIL, General M. REID L. BUNDY, Managing Editor

Adjudicated a legal Newspaper by Superior Court, Los Angeles County. Adjudicated Decree No. 218476, March 23, 1927.

MEMBER CALIFORNIA NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION MEMBER NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Subscription Rates: By Carrier, 30c a Month Mail Subscriptions \$3.00 per year. Circulation office FAIR fax 8-4004.

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